He doing so, put foorth to Seas,
Where when men bin, there's sildome ease,
For now the winde begins to blow,
Thunder aboue, and deepes below,
Makes such vnquiet, that the ship
Should house him safe, is wrackt and split,
And he (good Prince) hauing all lost,
By waues, from coast is tost:
All perishen of man of pelfe,
Ne ought escapen'd but himselfe;
Till fortune tried with doing bad,
Threw him a shore to giue him glad:
And heere he comes; what shall be next.
Pardon old *Gower*, this long's the Text.

Enter Pericles wet.

Per. Yet ceasse your ire, your angry Stars of heauen
Winde, Raine, and Thunder: Remember earthly man
Is but a substance that must yeeld to you:
And I (as fits my nature) do obey you.
Alasse, the Seas hath cast me on the Rockes,
Washt me from shore to shore. and left my breath
Nothing to thinke on, but ensuing death:
Let it suffice the greatnesse of your powers,
To haue bereft a prince of all his fortunes,
And hauing throwne him from your watry graue,
Here to haue death in peace, is all hee'l craue.

Enter three fishermen,

1. What, to pelch?
2. Ha, come and bring away the Nets.
1. What patch-breech, I say.
3. What say you Master?
1. Looke how thou stirrest now.
Come away or Ile fetch thee with a wannion.
3. Faith Master, I am thinking of the poore men
That were cast away before vs, euen now.

1. Alasse

1. Alasse poore soules, it greeued my heart to heare
What pittifull cries they made to vs, to helpe them,
When (welladay) we could scarsely helpe our selues.
3. Nay Master, said not I as much,
When I saw the Porpas, how he bounst and tumbled?
They say, they are halfe fish, halfe flesh:
a plague on them, they nere come but I looke to be washt
Master, I Maruell how the fishes liue in the Sea?
1. Why as men do a Land,
The great ones eat vp the little ones:
I can compare our rich Misers, to nothing so fitly
As to a Whale; he plaies and tumbles,
Driuing the poore Fry before him,
And at last deuoure them all at a mouthfull,
Such whales haue I heard on a'th land,
who neuer leaue gaping, till they swallowed
The whole Parish, Church, Steeple, Bels and all.
Per. A pretty Morall.
3. But Master, if I had beene the Sexton,
I would haue beene that day in the Belfrey.
2. Why man?
3. Because he should haue swallowed me too,
And when I had beene in his belly,
I would haue kept such a iangling of the bels,
That he would neuer haue left,
Till he cast Bels steeple Church and Parish vp againe:
But if the good King *Simonides* were of my minde,
Per. Simonides?
3. We would purge the land of these drones,
That rob the Bee of her hony.
Per. How from the fenny subiect of the sea,
These fishers tell the infirmities of men,
And from there watry Empire recollect,
All that may men approue, or men detect,
Peace be at your labour, honest fishermen.
2. Honest, good fellow, what's that, if it be a day fits you,
Search out of the Kalender, and no body looke after it?

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